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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

H. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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How the Passengers Acted When Robbed

Stopped the Stage.

There was an army officer, a sutler and a surveyor, and two men who might have been mine inspectors, in the stage when it drew up at Burnt Hill to take on another passenger.

"Howdy," said the new passenger as he crowded in.

As he stood for a moment in the light of the station lamp, all saw that his left eye was gone. His worn nose and shade of patch to conceal the loss, and those who gave him a second look felt that the fire in his remaining eye was bright enough to answer for two. Dark as it was in the stage he seemed to have "sized up" every man inside of a minute, and, seeming to be satisfied regarding the crowd, he settled himself back in his seat and had no remarks to make.

By and by the army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route and were still ripe for business. The man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and that single eye blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but not a word escaped his mouth. The captain had said what he would do in case the coach was halted, and this brought out the others. It was finally decided to fight. The passengers had money to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time, and under such circumstances, there could be but one interpretation of such conduct.

"A coward has no business traveling this route," said the captain in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up, and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but after a moment he fell back again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken hearted, why didn't he show his colors? If he intended to fight where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and so far as any one had seen as he entered the coach, he was without revolvers. Everybody felt a contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order and permit himself to be quietly despoiled.

"Pop! pop! hah!"

The passengers were doing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up, when a voice at the door of the coach called out:

"No nonsense, now! You gentlemen climb right down and up with your hands! The first man who kicks on me will get a bullet through his head!"

We had agreed to fight. The captain had agreed to lead us. We were listening for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver, when he stepped down and out as humbly as you please. The sutler had been sobbing to draw up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had intimated that he never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen. But this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the five of us were down and in line, and heads up, and the road agent had said:

"Straight matter of business! First man who drops his hands won't ever know what hurt him!"

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, there was a yell as it from a wounded tiger, and a revolver began to crack. The robber went down at the first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the rescue. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in his seat.

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of us, the other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock out from his head and the gaze of a bullet

across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. There was a painful lull after the first shot and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quiet, cutting manner:

"Gentlemen ye kin drop yer hands!" We dropped. We undertook to thank him, and we wanted to shake hands with him, and somebody suggested a shake purse for his benefit, but he motioned us into the coach, banged the door after us and climbed up to seat beside the driver. His contempt for such a crowd could not be measured.

A Dying Confession to the Murder of Two Men.

A special from Flemingsburg, Ky., says: "On Thursday, September 22, 1878, Ned Trumbo, an inoffensive colored man, was shot dead in his own door. The assassin created great excitement and rewards aggregating \$6,000 were offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. Charles Hopper, a citizen of this place, was arrested on suspicion and kept in jail five months, but the evidence before the grand jury was deemed insufficient and he was released. James Monroe Emmons was also arrested and indicted by the grand jury, but the evidence, which was altogether of a circumstantial character, was weak enough to acquit him. The reason of the arrest of the foregoing was that he had been paying a great deal of attention to a prostitute named Milly Walker, who was staying at Trumbo's house. The Walker woman was accidentally shot in Johnson county, this State, this week, and on being told by his physician that her wound was surely mortal, she made the following confession:

"My name is Mary Ganoie, but I always called myself Milly Walker. I am now in my thirty-eighth year, and have followed my present life since my fifteenth year, when I was seduced by George Radcliffe, whom I killed as soon as I learned of his perfidy to me, and buried his body in a sawdust pile on Red River, in Meigs county, within three hundred yards of where his father's house stood. When his body was found, Frank Tomkins, who had left the county about the time of Radcliffe's disappearance, and had gone to Greensburg, Ky., was suspected and an armed party went to capture him and he surrendered without any resistance. A mob hanged him in front of the Frenchburg jail before his trial could come on. My lips were sealed; as to make a noise then was to accuse myself.

"I went to Flemingsburg immediately following his lynching, and having nothing to live for myself, I resolved to make life as burdensome and unpleasant as I could for the rest of mankind. Hopper and Emmons both were steady company of mine while I was staying at the Trumbo House, and both were jealous of each other. Seeing Emmons pass one night, I went to the door to call him, but he either did not hear me or did not want to hear me and rode on. This made me very mad, and, having a pistol in my pocket, I fired at old Ned. Why I did so I do not know. Suspicion was immediately directed to Hopper, who was thrown in jail, and this suited me; but I would have been better pleased if they had hanged him. I could not appear against him, because I was afraid I might myself be caught. My life since then has been the usual one of abandoned woman until I met George Frankson here, to whom I represented myself as good and virtuous, and he, seeing me in company with Dock Martzell, Monday night, shot me."

The woman died Thursday night, and by her confession solves a mystery which has for five years been unexplained.

Cabbages are kept during the winter in various ways. Where one has a cellar with a moist bottom there is at hand an excellent place for storing cabbages. Pull the cabbages up by the roots late in the fall and take them right to this cellar, standing them on their roots, on moist earth, the heads leaning against the wall. In this way cabbages that have not fully formed heads will sometimes grow to a good size and the heads will be more crisp, whiter and sweeter than by any other method of preservation. Of course in pulling them earth will be left adhering to the roots and this should be carried in as attached. A little more loose earth, if convenient, can be thrown around the roots where they stand. With a dry cellar bottom this plan is not practicable, but it will work admirably wherever the bottom is moistened—not wet, just moist.

Printing a Newspaper Without Type.

I saw the inventor of a new type-setting machine at the United States yesterday. I did not see his machine, but if what he claims for it is true, the day of the printer is drawing to a close. It is one of the marvels of the time. It will further help the cheapening of the price of newspapers. His machine has the capacity of setting 40,000 ems a day. It works with ironclad accuracy, and avoids the fault of the present type-setting machines in that it can "justify" the lines as a compositor can now with the hand method. No type is necessary with this machine beyond the few alphabets of the various kinds and sizes required, in the make-up of a newspaper. There is a keyboard to the machine like that of a piano. These keys represent letters and punctuation marks. Playing on them imprints these forms into a paper matrix similar to that now employed in moulding the metal forms employed upon the Bullock press. Instead of setting up type by the old method and taking a matrix from the locked form as a whole, the impression is made direct from the machine, one letter at a time, so that when the type setting machine is through, the matrix is instantly ready for the moulding of the cylindrical forms employed upon the modern press. The value of this one feature in the mere saving of time is great, because the gain of one minute in the stereotyping of the forms of a great office is of much value. These machines are being experimented with in the office of the Philadelphia Times. The inventor says the machines can be furnished at a cost of \$700.—[Chicago News.]

This is the question that troubled a French Justice of the Peace. A drover and a butcher in the market adjourning their accounts went to a tavern to dine together. During the meal the butcher took from his pocket a bank note of 100 francs value, wherewith to pay the drover, but in handling it over let it fall into a dish of gravy. He snatched it out, and, holding it between a thumb and forefinger, waved it to and fro to dry it. The butcher's dog accepting this movement as a friendly invitation, and liking the smell of the saturated note made a spring at it and swallowed it. The butcher was furious. "Give my money," he demanded. "Kill the dog and open him." "Not by a blanked sight," replied the drover; "my dog is worth more than 100 francs." "Then I owe you nothing. Your dog has collected for you before these witnesses." "My dog is not my cashier." And besides where is your receipt? The Justice will have to settle this." "Let him." And now for weeks the Justice has vainly been seeking law or precedent for such a case, and the townsmen have been on the verge of a riot over it again and again.

President Arthur pleasantly rounds out his long summer and autumn tour by a visit to Washington. Although it is not a metropolis, the President will find the national capital a pleasant place for a brief sojourn. After a visit to the White House and other points of interest he may enjoy an autumn drive to the Soldiers' Home and to Arlington Heights. He will learn with pleasure, no doubt, that the base fishing in the Potomac is excellent, and that it is quite the thing in Washington to form fishing clubs, composed of ladies and gentlemen, for excursions to the neighboring waters.

The President will find nobody in particular to welcome him on his arrival at the capital, but we trust the Assistant Secretaries and clerks who have been running affairs will rise to the occasion. The President will understand the situation better than did the Korean embassy the other day, and will not think it strange that the Government is scattered so that nobody can find it.—[Sun.]

"What has become of Miss Blank, who was the belle of the Springs last season?" "She is married." "Am not surprised. Did she marry well?" "She is now the Countess Natalloni." "Where does she live? I must call upon her." "Not far from here. Go down the avenue to Criscomb street, out that to Tincan alley, and through that to Deadcat court. Go into No. 63 and follow the stairs to Room No. 593, fifth floor back.—[Philadelphia Call.]

In 1890 there was one lawyer in the United States to every 8,000 inhabitants. Now there is one to every 800. This explains many things.

Charles Ray, Louisville, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Blitters and found it gives me great relief in rheumatism."

Where Kentucky's First Presbyterian Clergyman was Buried.

The first Presbyterian sermon delivered in Kentucky was preached at Harrodsburg by Father Rice in 1783. At that time Kentucky was a Territory. Father Rice was a Virginian, and landed at Harrodsburg just a short time before he commenced a series of sermons. He remained at Harrodsburg some time and then removed to Owen county where he died, and his remains now lie buried upon a farm a short distance from this place. Some years ago the Presbyterians of Kentucky got upon foot an arrangement to have his remains disinterred and removed to Danville. Money was also raised for a monument to be erected to his memory, but upon going to the place of interment Father Rice's grave could not be designated from another which is near it. The committee for the work were at a loss what to do, and so the matter rested. A few days ago Dr. Geo. J. Reed, pastor of the Presbyterian church at this place, was in Portland, Oregon, and became acquainted with a gentleman named Rice, and in conversing with him learned that he was from Kentucky, and that he was a grandson of Father Rice. Mr. Reed asked him if he could tell how his grandfather's grave could be identified. He said he could, and did in a way, Mr. Reed thinks, that there can be no mistake. Now that the information is furnished, a handsome monument should be erected to his memory.—[Columbia Spectator.]

In reviewing the rapidly increasing crime of murder and homicide in Kentucky, the *Courier-Journal* winds up a lengthy and able editorial as follows: "We need more sternness, more rigor, more uprightness. We need to understand better what rights organized society has. If murder is a crime it is a crime to let it go unpunished. Men must be responsible for their deeds. Justice must be swift and certain. We have too much cant, too much sentimentalism, too much tolerance. One murder unpunished leads to another. There is no desire for vengeance in the demand that blood guiltiness be punished as the law requires; it is simply a plea for peace, for order, for safety. We must chain up the men who are smitten with the homicidal mania; we must make them understand that they are not a law unto themselves. We have murders frequently; we will continue to have them as long as murder is not punished as a crime."

AN IMPROBABLE STORY.—A Massachusetts book agent, who was wearing a small circular piece of court-plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since, and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court-plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the inscription, "Warranted solid brass."

The King of Siam is a most extraordinary looking man. Karl I. is apparently about twenty years of age, and the most remarkable fact concerning him is the inordinate length of his nails, each of which measures about half a yard. This deformity is considered by the Siamese as an attribute of sovereignty, and of course, reduces the monarch to a state of absolute helplessness. He can do nothing for himself, and is obliged to have recourse in every instance to his aide-de-camp.

A common-looking, uneducated locust can lay eggs that keep perfectly for seventeen years, while all the science of the nineteenth century has not produced a plan whereby the egg of a hen can be kept fresh through a single winter.—[Pittsburg Telegraph.]

A jug of whiskey sixteen years old was smashed by a crowbar during an excavation at Camp Elkin on the K. C. last week. It is said that strong men wept when they realized the awful calamity.

The whole number of post-offices in the United States, at the end of June last, was 47,563; increase during the year, 1,032.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Haff's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Ingenuity on Fame.

"Fame, sir, is a fleeting thing. Men drop out of sight and are forever forgotten. I do not see why these men want to become president."

"Did you ever have any such aspirations?" "When I was a young man I had ambitions. I have found that the career which comes to a man in a place like that of president of the United States are enormous. After Garfield was nominated I said to him one day, 'Garfield, you are going to be elected president, I hope, but by the time you have been president a month you'll wish you were running an icehouse in Idaho.' Well, I saw him after he had been president a little while, and I said: 'Well, Garfield, how does it go?' And he answered, 'I don't know but I'd prefer the icehouse business.' I tell you, the hardest thing a man has to endure in success. Success to a young man, coming to him when he is young, is one of the hardest things he can have to stand and keep his poise. Fame! Why, think how few, how very few of the names of the great grand men of Rome have been wafted along down to us across the centuries. And then themselves, where is their fame? Who knows them? Who thinks of them? The men of this world, how fast they get how little they leave behind them! And I tell you, when a man grows to be a great man, then does he begin to feel how little he is. The greater he is the less he knows."

Held Fast in Front of a Train.

A right amusing incident occurred near Rome the other day. A man crossing the railroad tracks got his foot caught fast in a disjuncted "frog," and while trying to get loose he saw the Chattanooga train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road come dashing over the bridge. Wild with fright, the man came near breaking his foot in his efforts to get loose. But the train was almost upon him and he decided to unlatch his shoe, pull his foot out and leave the shoe to be mashed. He acted upon this thought and as he got his foot out the train glided by on another track. It made the man so mad to think he was only on a plucked little side-track all the time that he took the shoe up and kicked himself all the way up to the depot.—[Savannah News.]

At the anniversary of the Harvard Medical School, Boston, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his speech illustrating the microscopic facilities of the school, said: "A man five feet high, enlarged to correspond with the microscopic power used, would be a mile high, would weigh 120,000,000,000 pounds, and could pick up the State House and check it into the sea, cleaning out that ancient structure by a summary process (shouts of laughter), which would put to shame the exploits of Commodus and his kind."

The Atlanta Constitution says Southern girls are teaching now all over the land, and that is a good sign. Before the war we used to get all our teachers from New England. But then they didn't teach very long, for our young men and widows married them, and they made good wives and good mothers, and they raised up good rebels. They don't come now, and our girls have monopolized the business.

England supplies 250,000,000 people of India with salt and charges them 25 cents a pound, equal to a tax of 3,000 per cent. A poor native must work two days and a half at hard labor to earn enough money to purchase a pound of salt.

It is better to die than to lose one's reason, and yet the murderer prefers insanity to hanging.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Ministers are very inconsistent. They advise young people to marry for love, but want cash down themselves.

No matter how judicious the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denning's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander, Plummer, of Broussard, Ind., says, he regards Brown's Expectant the best cough remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

About two-thirds of all who go to an untimely grave die with the dreaded disease, consumption. Brown's Expectant has cured every case it has been tried on where the disease has not been allowed to run beyond the control of medicine. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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